THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MARCH, 1877. NO. 6.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable Libraries belonging to the Philomathesian and Philadelphian Societies.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has all the more important English and American periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

A well appointed Laboratory, with a separate desk for each student, furnishes unusual facilities for the study of Chemistry.

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There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments, These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

The Undergraduate.

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SANS ESPERANCE.

It is hard—oh, frightfully, frightfully hard!—
To know with a knowledge sure,
That the life which thrills in your bosom now
Can little longer endure;

To know beyond all doubt and hope,
You are sinking into the grave,
Pursued by the wrath of a mystic disease,
From which there is nothing can save!

O, God! this knowledge, these pangs, *I* have!
I know—oh, how fearfully well!—
That I soon shall ride in the coffin and shroud,
To the sound of the funeral bell!

I know that ere many days are gone,
In a bed shut out from the light,
I shall enter the sleep of ages of time,
Imprisoned in darkness and night!

I had thought I was meant for another fate—
To win a proud fame among men;
But now that bright vision is vanished and gone,
To return—ah, never again!

I would I could think it were better so,
But the brain rebels in despair;
O, Christ! what torture is like to mine?—
I would I might stem it by prayer!

The life-lamp flickers, and droops, and flares,
The night winds sadly sigh;
O, God, what horror and agony this,
With a sin-stained soul to die! * * ?

AN ABUSE AMONG AUTHORS.

There exists in the domain of light literature,—whether that literature is presented to us by authors of the most renown, or by those of only mediocrity,—a very wide-spread and serious abuse of the author's position towards the reading public—an abuse which it is for the interest of author, publisher and reader alike to have done away with, and that as soon as may be. This abuse, stated as briefly as possible, is simply this: the wholesale introduction by authors of words, phrases, sentences, and even whole paragraphs from foreign languages into works which are intended for popular and general perusal.

No person who is well acquainted with the literature of fiction of the present day, and of the near past, will deny that this abuse really exists, and that too to so great a degree, that it has become a perfect nuisance. It is to be presumed that the writers of novels, although, of course, their primary purpose is to receive pecuniary recompense to themselves, have nevertheless a secondary object, which it is imperative that they should attain in order that they may also attain the first; and this is to instruct and edify the minds of the public. If this assumption is true (and of that there can be no doubt), what right has an author to take it for granted that his readers are as good linguists as himself, and will readily understand him in all the various languages in which he is pleased to express himself? What right has he to deprive the reader of much of the meaning and interest in his works, by constantly intermingling them with foreign languages, ancient and modern, dead and alive, and with which most of his reading audience must necessarily be unacquainted? Surely, the course of the author in doing this is altogether unjustifiable. And it is not only unjustifiable, but also foolish. It is unjustifiable because, when a person buys a book he does so, presumably, because he wants to read it. Hence, if it turns out that the book is written in half a dozen languages, instead of in one, as he had supposed, he finds much of it which is incomprehensible to him, unless he is a pretty good linguist, and therefore he does not get what he expects to when he purchases the book. The author's course is foolish for this reason: that, although there are many persons who read novels because it is fashionable, and because it is considered essential to a liberal education to be acquainted with the works of the foremost

writers of this kind of literature, yet there are many others who read them for no such reason, but because they hope to get recreation and pleasure from them. Such people do not care much for the name of the author on the title-page, provided that the story is what they call "good," and they will soon discover who are the authors who so intermix with foreign languages the language in which they are supposed to write, that much of it is unintelligible to them, and they will cease to purchase their works. In this way the author and publisher are made to suffer pecuniarily, and many a person is robbed of the pleasure which he might otherwise get from these works, merely that the author may display his learning, his linguistic knowledge, where it is plainly out of place.

But it may be objected that this is making a great noise about a small matter, and that no author carries this practice so far as to seriously mar his works; also, that authors often have resort to foreign languages to express something which can not be expressed so well in their own. It is sufficient to refer to the works of no less eminent an author than Bulwer,—who is perhaps the most frequent offender, although not by any means the only one, whose latest novels are completely dotted with French, and the earlier ones with Greek, Latin, French and sometimes Italian,—to see that the first objection is taken in error. As regards the second one, it is simply ridiculous. Greek may be the language of the drama and of philosophy; Latin, the one in which to express thoughts in a condensed form and in ponderous periods; Italian may be the language of music and of poetry; and French, the language of conversation—but of what good are the fine points of these tongues to the reader who understands them not? Would it not be better that feeling and sentiment should be appreciated, and conversation understood, even though to gain this end they must be expressed in the coarser garb of the English tongue (speaking now of English writers only) than that they should be finely dressed in Italian and French, and consequently as meaningless as a stone to the great majority of readers? It would seem so, at least.

And now it may be asked why so much fault is found with the writers of novels only, and with no others? It is not because other classes of writers do not practise the same thing with which fault is found, for they certainly do so, and frequently. But they are more pardonable, —the historian especially. In writing history, it is often found useful, and sometimes quite necessary, to make use of passages from other languages, either in the body of the text or as foot-notes. And, besides, those who read such solid matter as history, are more likely to be linguists of some acquirement than they who read novels. (It is not meant to be implied here that those who read history do not read novels, but it is certain that a great many persons who read novels habitually, never think of opening a historical work.) It seems, then, that there is sufficient reason for abandoning this practice, and it is certain that if it should be done away with, all who have any interest in the matter would have abundant reason to be satisfied.

THE WEEDS IN OUR GARDEN.

Having had an excellent opportunity, during the last summer vacation, to observe the habits and learn some of the peculiarities which distinguish the different branches of the great family of weeds, so far as they grow in our garden, I should think myself remiss in discharging my duty to mankind and to science, did I not impart the result of my observations to others; and I assure you, my good friends, that, although it may be pleasant to sit and read of the experience of others, with regard to weeds, still there is nothing quite so beneficial as personal observation; so, if any one wishes to know more upon this subject than he finds in the present essay, if he will come to me some time during the next summer, I will give him a hoe, and we will discuss the nature of the weeds in our garden, as we carry dismay into their ranks. There is a weed that has neither beginning nor end in a garden; a

weed which is there, always has been there, and always will be there; a weed which hoes have hoed up, fingers have pulled up, and spades have spaded up, from the time when Cain ran a farm to the present day, and which, under all the persecution which it undergoes, steadily increases and grows the faster the more it is misused. I refer to the plant called "pusley." Every bad, mean thing that has ever been said or written about this miserable weed, is true. In every garden in the land it spreads its fat, greasy branches. In every hot-bed its seeds lie dormant, ready to spring into active life, when the sun rings the rising-bell; and in every green-house its young plants thrust their heads above the ground, and its matured ones wag their russet beards in defiance of the gardener. We had a perfect carpet of it in our strawberry bed, and deluded ourselves with the idea that if we pulled it up by hand and threw it away, we should have no more trouble with it; but, bless you! it was as thick as ever in a few weeks—the fact is, you can't kill it.

There is a very easy-going, comfortable looking weed in our garden, called red-root. It has broad leaves of a light green, and sends out shoots from a main stem, which, under favorable conditions, sometimes grow to the height of three or four feet. Its root, from which it takes its name, is of a bright red color, and upon the top of the main stalk, and at the end of each of the shoots which it sends out, is a clump of seeds, shaped like a cone. The pig is very fond of these weeds, and, I notice with a good deal of satisfaction, always eats the seeds first.

Those pests called, by some, pitch-forks, have made their appearance in our garden this year, and now their seeds have ripened and one can't go through them without getting his trousers stuck full of them. I wonder why the seeds weren't made with those little prongs inwards, where they would mind their own business, and not be continually on the watch for something to catch hold of. Besides these weeds, we have the chickweed and the wild chicory or succory, and wormwood, and kail, and plaintain, and burdock proper, and poison parsnip, and pigweed; and that pigweed deserves a word by itself. That weed is a liar; when it is small it curls up its leaves and droops its head, and seems to say that it is very sick and not expected to recover; and if you take it at its word, and don't destroy it, the next time you come along it'll be a foot and a half high. There was a patch of them growing where we planted our early potatoes, and one day a fellow asked me what those tall things were, referring to the weeds before-named. I told him that they were a new variety of sweet potatoes. He said that his sweet potatoes grew upon the ground, whereupon I replied that those did too, enough for all practical purposes—a fact which became evident when I went to hoe them, for one of them was six feet seven inches in height, by actual measurement; but don't infer from that, that I am lazy, I beg of you.

APPROPRIATENESS IN MUSIC.

The different kinds of music are as various as the different passions of the heart. Each type of music is adapted intrinsically to express certain feelings, and can not, by any possible means, be made to express opposite feelings. The merry song of the dance and the riotous strains of the bacchanalian revel, are in their very nature characterized by that peculiar rollicking joyousness which is the real essence of hilarity; while the sweet, passionate strains of the lover, that steal through the ivy-mantled lattice, and, awakening an echo in the trusting maiden's heart, send the tell-tale crimson to her cheek, are essentially different. Thus a perfect conformity to certain laws of propriety is observed in each of these two departments; the sphere of the one is so absolutely separated from that of the other, and this separation is so universally appreciated, that gross incongruity results from any attempt at combining music of the bacchanalian order with that of an amatory character. And so it is in all the departments of music, each has its own particular province; and as long as it remains within the bounds of that province, there is har-

mony; but the moment it oversteps the limits prescribed by propriety, confusion arises.

This can not be better illustrated than it is in the case of sacred music. The noblest office of music lies here; the primal cause of its creation was for the purpose of expressing in more perfect beauty the love, welling up in the heart of man, for his Creator.

As long as it remains within its sphere, it accomplishes this purpose beautifully; but when it is forced, as it often is, beyond its natural limits, it ceases to be religious in its character.

There are two classes of people who seem to be determined not to appreciate the demands of propriety in sacred music: the first class possess more music than religion, while the second class possess more religion than music.

It is to the first of these that we owe our exclusively classic performances, and our highly operatic entertainments at divine service. They certainly produce magnificent music, but for divine worship it is inappropriate, for by the association of ideas, the mind is led by this style of music away from the service, to places where, for the time being, it has no right to be straying. The same may be said of any light, airy, playful music; it is unsuitable for divine worship, and always diminishes the solemnity of the church service.

The other class go to the opposite extreme, divest music of its every charm, then present to us the mangled form, and consider that we should be satisfied; while the truth is, their productions are not as suitable for the purpose of praising God, as is the music of the former class. The one robs music of all its dignity and beauty, and then praises God with such strains as one would not tolerate on any other occasion; while the other seeks to add in every manner possible to the attractiveness of their productions, to present the best they are able. Then each style is unsuitable. Where then is to be found music that is suitable for the worship of God? There softly steals forth from the cathedral a strain which fills one's whole soul with emotion, which calls up thoughts of ages past, when that anthem was first chanted upon earth, and as the melody peals forth, the mind seems to follow each successive chorister down the ages, and the "*Holy, Holy, Holy,*" of the glorious old *Te Deum* seems an echo from the heavenly choir.

It is such strains as these, hallowed by the association of the hoary past, that come from the heart and speak to the heart, which are best adapted for the worship of God.

HERO WORSHIP.

From the twilight of the earliest period men have used real or ideal objects of worship, and in a retrospective glance we perceive that this inclination to idolize something that is inert and lifeless, or is imaginary and floating before the mind's eye, has in a good degree passed away with the strides of civilization.

Adverting to the mythological period, when Homer rehearsed the exploits of Ulysses, we find that he was revered, if not as a real, at least as an ideal hero. After the merging of the Grecian into the Roman empire, Æneas was the worshipped hero of Troy. The Grecian and Roman gods were supposed to be the very embodiment of courage and heroism, and consequently were the objects of incessant homage.

Such daring as that of the "Maid of Orleans," and her subsequent immolation in English hands, invest her with a peculiar consecration. To the people of France it seemed but the discharge of a high-minded duty to worship her as a heroine.

But let a Miss Nightingale go out to the field of Scutari, and bind up the wounds and minister with tender hand to the sick, and she becomes an exemplar. Thus, scattered through the pages of history, we observe instances of heroism, which have evoked instinctive adoration from the hearts of the people.

Nothing is more certain than this: that there is a radical sympathy between noble living beings and human thoughts, and if those living beings so comport themselves as to be deserving of worship, it is equally certain that it is our

bounden duty to render them homage in thought if not in deed.

Men are influenced by the successes or failures of other men who have preceded them, and while they follow with avidity the cherished path of prosperous issue—however abrupt and laborious—yet all have, as it were, a cynosure by which, in a manner, to predetermine their future movements.

This tendency is not in the least faulty, but on the contrary is highly commendable. For none are infallible, none are so hedged in by stiff Puritanic notions of religion, and of all secular affairs, that they are unable from all the heroic souls that have gone out o'er the "eternal seas," to decide upon one worthy of imitation.

We observe that artists succeed best in their arts, when they have had faultless patterns; the painter will be governed by the experience of a Ruskin; the sculptor, by those of a Michael Angelo; the philosopher, by those of a multitude of exemplars, from the school of Seneca to that of the present. So in the moral world, those are usually highest, who have been most influenced for good by the results of the lives of eminent men of preceding generations.

The proneness of man to err is proverbial, and if he relies wholly upon his own powers, his own ideas of life, unswerving from the path which he has laid down, disregarding the lessons that may be learned from men of the past, he will most certainly fail of reaching a standard of true excellence.

OUR LITERARY TYRANT.

I wish to call your attention, for a few moments, to the tyrant who rules with an iron will the literature of to-day. It may seem strange to you to talk of a tyrant in this boasted age of freedom in thought and action; and yet he does exist, and plainly stamps the literary productions of to-day with the seal of his sovereignty. I refer to that deference—ay, that worship, almost—which we pay to a successful literary name. Let a man but once make a "strike" in the literary line, and ever afterward the average critic is careful to handle him with gloves; the enterprising publisher solicits something from his pen at any price; and the mass of readers are ever upon the *qui vive* for a new production of his; and when it appears above the literary horizon, they wish for it like a flock of famishing buzzards for the festering carcass of a ewe lamb. His success is assured. I do not mean to discuss the difficulties which genius in the past has encountered in introducing itself to public favor, or the mean pittances which history informs us were the reward received for some of the grandest productions in our literature; and which stand forth as an indication of the culture then existing, and will always cast a dark shadow over the otherwise brilliant character of the former times. But I do mean to discuss the literary aspect of the present day, and especially the ease with which literary men hold the position they have once established for themselves.

Take, for example, Wilkie Collins, who enters into an agreement with his publishers, to furnish them with a new novel at a certain price, and exacts that each and every word of the forthcoming production be published in their paper. Observe the result: sentiments appear in the course of publication, which the publishers afterward excuse themselves for expressing, upon the ground that their agreement with Mr. Collins compelled them, and Mr. Collins himself insisted upon the entire publication of his novel. Critics, and the people generally, welcome this new publication, because it bears the name of Wilkie Collins as author—though some fathers dare to stand out against the sentiments of *The Law and the Lady* being admitted within the family circle. On the other hand, it is a significant fact, that Mr. Habberton, the author of the real book of the season—*Helen's Babies*—offered that work in the manuscript to three publishers who refused it, one of them even pronouncing it *immoral*. All he asked for the work was $100, and was quite discouraged when Loring undertook to publish it on shares. And now we are informed that one hundred thousand copies have

been sold, with the steady cry for more; and publishers are calling upon Mr. Habberton to give them something, *anything*, from his pen to publish.

I might speak here of the English laureate's brilliant and successful failure in presuming to assume the mantle of historical dramatic poetry, once worn by William Shakespeare, and of the success of poor "Queen Mary," if success is to be estimated alone by the number of copies sold. I might also speak of rhymes sent forth by other great literary men for poetry; but it would only be adding evidence to more firmly establish this one fact already made evident, I trust, that publishers recognize this blind idolatry, which people have for a great literary name; and, consequently, furnish us with anything and everything this great literary potentate chooses to offer, while deserving genius takes a back seat.

LADY JANE GREY.

There is no darker page in English history than that which records the execution of Lady Jane Grey. No argument can be advanced which will in the least excuse or palliate the murder of this innocent but unfortunate girl, whose wonderful power of intellect was surpassed only by the nobility of her life and character. Born in an age noted for public outrage and private intrigue, the character of Jane Grey stands forth a striking contrast to that stormy period—an age in which the great mass of mankind were surrounded by intellectual darkness, although the revival of learning had already commenced its onward course. Disregarding the pleasures which were indulged in by her own sex, she found a deeper joy and satisfaction in the pursuits of the scholar and the philosopher. At an early age she had become conversant with the languages of modern Europe, while her culture was extended by a profound knowledge of the ancient classics. But wonderful as were her beauty and accomplishments, they were surpassed by the singular amiability of her disposition and character. The history of her life lies before us, a pure and unspotted record. Happy in her domestic relations, fortunate and satisfied in scholarly pursuits, it was not love of rank and power which induced Jane Grey to accept the English Crown. Reluctantly, but in obedience to what was deemed her duty, she came forth from her retirement, to mingle in the stormy sea of public affairs, and history tells us how she fell a victim to the ambition of others, and the thirst for blood which characterized the reign of Mary Tudor. Upon Northumberland alone rests the crime for which she suffered.

History bears record of no execution, either for public or private offense, more uncalled for than was the beheading of Jane Grey. Northumberland and his guilty confederates had already paid the penalty of their treason, but the relentless hate of Mary, not resting here, had decreed that this girl of seventeen years must die. The appointed hour has come, and the unfortunate Queen of only ten days ascends the scaffold. And now with undiminished lustre shines forth the noble character of this heroic woman. She meets death fearlessly and in a manner worthy of her life. Her address on the scaffold, submissive to the will of God, bears malice towards none, but with the boldness of a spirit conscious of its own innocence, she speaks in defence of her action.

In the long list of martyrs which rendered this reign notorious, no sublimer death is chronicled than that of the Lady Jane Grey. What a contrast to the closing scene in the life of the cowardly Northumberland! Even the grandeur which marked the dying hours of Cranmer grows dim in the presence of a death so noble, so sublime as this.

It is useless for man to attempt to do anything great unless he has hope that he will succeed. Though hope of itself won't bring success, yet success is much more apt to come when the hope is strong. If one believes that he will attain his object, and strives accordingly, the chances are ten to one in his favor. Great men are made by work, not by accidents.

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EDITORIAL.

AT the beginning of the year we expressed a wish that we had more space for literary articles than the four pages which we then had for that department. Circumstances have given us that desired extra space, and in this issue the literary department, it will be observed, contains six pages. Last month we had one page more of reading matter than ever before, and for the sake of convenience it was put into the editorial department. Having another page this month, we give all of the extra space to the part of the paper that needed it most, and the present arrangement will probably hold through the rest of the year.

THERE may not have been very much of dignity in the recent debate in the Senior room on the question of the desirability of keeping the walks in the parks clear of snow and ice; but there was no little interest attached to the discussion. As for us, while we would have preferred that the division which debated the question had attacked with their bullets of logic some of the most mooted of the questions of modern philosophy, we were, nevertheless, reconciled to the question discussed, on account of its very great practical importance. That the question is important, we fancy no one who has staggered up those walks for four successive winters will deny. The most noticeable feature of the whole debate, it seems to us, was the arguments submitted by the opposition to the hoped-for new *regime*, which arguments had about all of the clearness, the coherency, and the convincing force of the celebrated speech of the sophister Janotus when pleading for the bells. But really we fear that for all the eloquence and logic of the affirmative, the new *regime* is not to be.

WE wish people might understand that we are in no wise responsible for any misstatements of facts or puerile curiosities of literature which may be found, from time to time, in the literary department of this paper. We wish, we say, that this might be understood without our telling; but since we find there are some who can't or won't understand it, we therefore take the trouble to make the statement here. We are totally irresponsible, then, for all puerilities and crudities that may ever be found in that department. The articles therein published are merely the expressions of individual opinions, and so long as they are not indecent or inappropriate, we cannot very well exclude them. If there were as many good articles handed in as we could use, that would please us much indeed, for it would push the poor ones out. Otherwise we cannot easily get rid of them. So, if lower classmen are left to do the work, and in doing it, attack subjects which are as much too deep for them as logic is for women, and of which they are as ignorant as a pig is of politeness, there is nobody to blame but those who could and should do better. If these persons would send in an article once in a while, instead of telling us what we ought to do, we are ready to promise them that we should never be compelled to publish matter contributed, unasked, by youngsters whose recollections of bibs and "panties" must still be vivid. And if they won't do this, we think they should let us alone.

THE Seniors have finished their work upon the college stage, and have nothing more of that kind to do until they deliver their farewell orations on the day they graduate. We have observed a great difference in one respect between the ordinary literary productions of the class of '77 and those delivered on the stage by other classes which have graduated here since our college life began. The difference is this: that while the orations of '77 have had about them fewer traces of progress in particular directions than the common run of orations presented on the stage, they have yet borne apparent evidence of a greater general culture. We do not mean to say that other classes which have graduated here within our time have not in reality had as much or even more of a general culture than the class in question. What we do mean is, that while they may have had it, it was not so clearly shown in their orations, and a better place to exhibit it could not be desired.

The orations of other classes, generally speaking, have too often been based on ideas or statements occurring in the text-books which they were at the time pursuing. Now, we cannot see the advantage to be gained from taking the ideas of an author or a professor, in such a study as political economy, for instance, and re-dressing them in new and may be poorer phraseolgy, and then delivering them from the stage as an original oration. Of course, if one were to take an author's opinions and combat or elaborate them, the case would be essentially different. There would then be nothing of which to complain. But that is not the way the thing is usually done, and from the style in which students now frequently treat such topics, one would think that they had never seen or read any book outside of the course prescribed. It is in this respect, we say, that the present Senior class has differed from the other classes which we have known. The orations of its members have taken on more of a real literary cast and have been generally of a greater interest. And we are inclined to think that it would be advantageous for coming classes to follow '77's example.

WE were very much pained the other day at receiving an epistle couched in the following terms:—

MIDDLEBURY, Feb. 26.

Sirs: It was with no little distress and anger, I can assure you, that I have just read your inhuman advice to "Anxiety" and the rest of the students, published in the last number of your paper. Now, I think that the author of that odious counsel is a monster and a beast, and am convinced that he has been jilted within a month. If he were not, how, pray, could he give such cruel advice? Did he not know that if his advice were taken, many a maiden's heart would be sadly, sorely wounded? If such counsel were followed, it might be all very well for the students, perhaps, but what would then become of us young ladies of the town, whose hearts they have stolen away, and some of whom are, as you must be aware, betrothed to students? Shame upon the writer of that hateful article! He ought to have his eyes scratched out! I take great pleasure and satisfaction in subscribing myself, truly and everlastingly,

His Enemy,

MISS I.

Well, well, well! If that epistle didn't bring a tempest into a sanctum, none that was ever written could. It puzzled, staggered, frightened us. At the first, we could do nothing but shake and shiver, like a one-legged man tottering, drunk, on the brink of ruin! Then came a strange re-action, and we laughed until we had seriously imperiled our buttons and blood-vessels. Rabelais was beaten now; and we laughed and cried more mirthfully over these few lines of "His Enemy, Miss I." than over all the fun and frolic of the great French comic.

Now, "Miss I." will probably be glad to learn that in our remarks we intended no disparagement of the handsome half of the race of man. Indeed, our counsel was indirectly meant to militate in behalf of woman. We presume that you, our fair chastiser, have, of course, some

——"fido amante
Che spasima per te;"

but we advise you, if you have, to *let* him "spasima." Cast him off, as you would the

leprosy, and then you will be certain that you will never awake to the reality that the "fido amante" is a faithless lover instead. *Let* him "die of longing for thee," if he will, but cast him off without ado, and then you need never have cause to sing—

"Oh, I once loved a boy, and I trusted him true,
And I built him a bower in my breast;
But away—wirristhrue!—the rover he flew,
And robbed my poor heart of its rest!"

For man is false and fickle, and is like to break his plighted word at any hour. The history of the heart is full of examples. From Æneas down to the great T. T., the misdeeds of man against the trust of woman have been sad and sorrowful. The bard of Brooklyn sang—

"Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre;"

but although he thus chanted that love was life, did he not show that there is a greater vitality far in hate? And Moore—the luscious Moore—has a little stanza which fairly exemplifies the esteem in which creation's lords have nearly always held the fairer sex. Here it is:—

"Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle!*"

That is the very idea! Woman, with her heart, is only a plaything, a toy, a *trifle*, to be cast aside at will and pleasure! Man's "longing and dying" for her is the most diluted of moonshine.

But woman longs and dies for man with the most intense reality. The history of the world and the fiction of the world assure us that this is true: at any rate, the life-like part of fiction does, and that is tragedy. The comedy in literature represents life as it ought to be; the tragedy, as it is. Giorgione and his plague-struck promised bride did well to die; Héloise and Abelard, Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, Dido and Æneas could never have lived happily long in wedded life. And in comedy and romance they do not carry us far beyond the altar. Up to that point all goes well; woman is an idol till then, and must be worshipped. Beyond that, behind the altar, there are apples of discord, bones of contention, quarrels, murders, suicides, skeletons in closets: for the idolatry is but brief. Corneille, in *Polyeucte*, expressed this exactly. A woman, talking to a woman concerning men, says thus:

"Tant qu'ils ne sont qu'amants, nous sommes souveraines,
Et jusqu'a la conquete ils nous traitent de reines;
Mais apres l'hymenee ils sont rois a leur tour"—

"queens till marriage, vassals after it." Did not Heine, the Great Unfathomable, speak truly, too, when he said that the prayer at the altar was sadder than the prayer at the grave?

Now, had not "His Enemy, Miss I.," and every other "queen-rose of the rose-bud garden of girls," better be persuaded by us to drop all thoughts of man and marriage? What though you *have* a lover who you think is true, who never tires of telling you you are "all the world's best image?" Don't you know that ten thousand other fellows are telling ten thousand other girls the self-same lie at the self-same time? And even though you had the most faithful lover in the world, you would have to own, with the great Italian master that:—

"Aspettare, non venire;
Star in letto, non dormire;
Ben servire, non gradire—
Son tre cose per morire."

The second cause results from either the first or the third, and certainly the "waiting for one who never comes" will end in death, if sleepless nights and fruitless attempts to please will not.

Cast aside then, O woman, thy lovers, no matter how true, and remember that if they will not prove false because

"—— there be maidens fair as she
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree,"

they will yet do so for some other reason, in almost every instance. Cast them off, and then indeed will you never need to moan:

"The Spring-time returns, and the sweet speckled thrush,
Softly sings to his mate in her nest,
But forever there's fallen a sorrowful hush
O'er the bower that I built in my breast."

Does not "Miss I" discover now that our advice to "Anxiety" was merely a covert hint to maidens fair to be very free with the mitten?

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Junior Ex., March 20th.

"Blest be the ties that bind," etc.

"There is a mysterious muchness pervading all the air."

The Sunday P. M. meetings at the jail are again in progress.

Kellogg, they say, can be hired for a song. But she's "*too cheap.*"

The "Chip and Hungry" parties have been discontinued throughout Lent.

The Senior monitor has returned; so we will have to attend chapel once more.

A "Fresh." was heard talking earnestly about "*Geezotf's*" History of Civilization.

The campaign is over, but we are still treated to political harangues from the college chapel stage.

Now doth the silent Senior smile with soft disdain,
The jovial Junior write with might and main,
The sinful Soph'more scribble words profane,—
And the frantic Freshman flaunt his little cane.

Commencement in three months. So girls, shake out your pink bombazines and your sixteen-button kids.

The Seniors have been obliged to recite in the morning at ten o'clock, instead of eleven, much to their disgust.

The Junior Ex. hop promises to be an unusually swell affair this year. "Hail, muse of the many twinkling feet!"

The announcement of the election of President Hayes was celebrated by the M. C. Tin-horn Brigade in a worthy manner.

The last *soiree* of the season was the parlor party at Mrs. J. A. Wright's, which was pleasant in the extreme, as all her parties are.

The latest wrinkle that Middlebury society goers have indulged in is the "German," with Prof. Oaks of the "Hub" as instructor.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—marriage, was the significant suggestion of a Senior, when importuned for a "local."

A very felicitous occasion indeed was the tea-party at Prof. Parker's—to which were invited the faculty, their wives, and a few personal friends.

There is quite a strife between our two clothing establishments, as to who shall make the graduating suits for the Seniors—'tis about a "dead-lock," so far.

The latest bit of gossip is that our new Prof. means to depart soon from his present sensible mode of life, and join the ever increasing—much-to-be-pitied—army of Benedicts.

The Commencement attractions this year will be unusually fine, as the Senior class have spared neither trouble nor expense in securing talent for the concert and other exercises.

Pres. Hulbert is preaching at Montpelier during the illness of Dr. Lord. He also had charge of the editorial department of the *Vermont Chronicle* for two or three weeks.

The "slang box" appeared, and "there was silence for the space of half an hour." Seems as if we had read somewhere of a similar phenomenon. Wonder if 'twas for a similar cause?

While one Senior is distressed at being "called" so often, another looks sad and sorrowful and anxious, because week after week goes by, and still he is "ignored." What it all *means* he cannot say.

The Senior class being requested to consider some metaphysical question for their usual Thursday morning debate, discussed the propriety of clearing the walks in the Campus. It was a very animated discussion.

Two of our psychological Freshmen got into such an animated discussion, as to whether woman has a "philosophical mind" or not, that they forgot to go to supper. What won't they discuss when they're Seniors?

How beautiful is the sweet and loving confidence of a little child; but it is awfully embarrassing to a fellow to have a little girl, whom he never saw before, run up to him and call him "papa," when there are a good many people around.

"Which is the worse, to be *dropped* or *suspended?*" inquired a Senior of the President while speaking of the approaching fates of John P. Phair—a schoolmate of his who graduates in June from this institution. But the thing of it is that John P. is in a Phair way of experiencing both pleasures.

PERSONALS.

'15. Hon. Isaac Parker, one of the oldest living graduates of Middlebury, resides with his son at East Coventry, Vt. He is in his 87th year, is erect in form, walks without a cane, and spends much of his time every winter in reading the Latin authors.

'27. Dr. E. C. Wines recently delivered a lecture on "Prison Reform," in Cooper Institute, N. Y. city.

'38. Rev. E. P. Waddams, Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Ogdensburg, N. Y., is now in Rome, Italy, where he will remain until after the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Pope's elevation to the bishopric.

'46. Hon. J. W. Stewart was elected town agent for prosecuting suits, at the annual "March meeting."

'50. S. S. Willard is School Commissioner for the 1st district of Franklin co., N. Y.

'56. Professor C. M. Mead, of the Andover Theological Seminary, has an article entitled "Prayer Cures" in the *Independent* for March 8.

'57. Rev. A. W. Wild is pastor of the Congregational church at Peacham, this state. He is writing a history of the ministers and churches of Vermont.

'60. C. G. Steele is stopping in town for the present.

'60. Rev. E. P. Wild is pastor of the Congregational church at Newport, Vt.

'61. Rev. M. M. Martin is pastor of the Congregational church at Mazomanie, Wis.

'61. E. H. Phelps, Cashier of the First National Bank of Fairhaven, Vt., recently read a poem before the Shakspeare Club of that place, and it has been highly spoken of by the press.

'62. Park Davis, of St. Albans, has withdrawn from the law firm of Noble, Smith & Davis.

'63. W. D. Brennan is U. S. Commissioner for the northern district of New York.

'64. Prof. Ezra Brainerd has been re-elected superintendent of schools for Middlebury.

'64. A. O. Gates, who was in the class of '64 for a while, is a dealer in drugs at Morrisville, Vt.

'64. Dr. L. H. Hemenway, of Manchester, is now in St. Paul, Minn., and will probably make a permanent residence there, as the climate of Vermont does not quite agree with him.

'69. Homer J. Parker preaches at Vermontville, Mich.

'71. F. H. Graham is practicing law at Salem, N. Y.

'71. Francis B. Denio was reported as studying theology at New Haven, but is at Andover, Mass., instead.

'71. W. B. Anderson, who was in college here for a short time, is a dealer in dry goods and groceries at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'71. O. Roys, who went part way through the course here, is settled over the Freewill Baptist Church at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'71. A. E. Clark has formed a co-partnership with a gentleman named W. H. Barney, and they are doing a large insurance business at Malone, N. Y., under the firm name of Clark & Barney.

'73. H. M. Tenney has accepted a call to Wallingford, Ct.

'74. H. P. Sheldon has just graduated from the N. Y. College of Physicians and Surgeons. He is now visiting in town.

'75. Warren H. Hamilton is at the Homeopathic College, N. Y.

'75. R. P. Hayes, who left Midd. in 1873, is at the Columbia College Medical School, N. Y.

'76. T. E. Boyce is teaching in East Middlebury.

'76. C. G. Farwell recently spent a few days in town.

'76. W. R. Cray has gone to Minneapolis, Minn., where he will probably remain to continue his law studies.

'77. J. M. Hull has been sick for some weeks at his home in Ludlow. He is now back to his work again.

'78. J. C. Stapleton has come back from his school, and has re-entered the Junior class.

THE SANCTUM.

The *University Press* ought to be better bound together.

The *College Echo* continues good. By the way, the second number didn't come to hand.

The *College Olio* dodges, and is now upon its ear. We are sorry for the *Olio*, but don't care for ourselves.

The *Tufts Collegian* follows THE UNDERGRADUATE in its advocacy of more drill and practice in extempore speaking.

The *Williams Athenæum* prints about a page and a half of literary matter, and more than three pages of editorials. But the editorials are always good.

The *Vassar Mis.* has had a continued story of its own. We haven't read it, but suppose from the title there must have been some hugging in it. It was called "Man versus Hairpin."

The first number of the *Colby Echo*, from Waterville, Me., has reached us, and is far above the average of first numbers. A more methodical arrangement of the matter is an improvement which we suggest.

The *Rochester Campus* has an excellent local department, and its clippings and college news are judicially selected. The paper has been well managed since our acquaintance with it began, and from the editorial in the March number on the disposition of the new board, we should infer that it is to continue so.

The *Montpelierian* don't know whether its exchanges mean to compliment it or not, by telling it that the worst thing about it is its name. What *we* meant was that the name couldn't be worse, but that the paper *could* be.

The *Reveille*, whose publication has just been begun, at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, is a neatly printed paper, and is thoroughly martial in the character of its contents, as well as in its name. We do not doubt that it will prove interesting to the cadets of the academy.

We have received the *Furman Collegian*, from Greenville, S. C. The paper is not very tastily got up, and is rather poorly printed. If the paper wishes to have a decent success, it must eschew all its clippings from the N. Y. *Tribune*, or any other journal, and publish original articles. College papers should exist for some better purpose than reprinting old and wornout rhymes and the scaly poetry of the daily press.

The *Oberlin Review* says: "THE UNDERGRADUATE says that in our recent notice of itself, we actually succeeded in finding sermons in stones, and gathering figs from thistles, and grapes from thorns." Now, if we should tell the person who wrote those words that he lied when he did so, we might not be employing the language of dignity; but it would still be the language of truth. The local department of the *Review* is very well filled.

PLUNDER.

Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, had one graduate last year, and it is thought it will have two next year if half the class does not fail.—*Ex.*

When a cannibal gourmand goes to a native restaurant for a dish of missionary, he uses the words of an old hymn, and calls for "Servant of God—well done."—*Ex.*

Prof. in Astronomy. "Mr. E., I am somewhat confused by your explanation."

Mr. E. (with contempt). "Why, it is very clear to me sir."—*Ex.*

Professor, (to youth reciting on cheek). "Define a geometrical locus."

Student, (nonplussed). "Well,—it-a-resembles a Kansas grasshopper."—*Ex.*

Prof. V. "Mr. M., you may show the relation of the parallax of a heavenly body to its distance."

Mr. M. "Professor, you're beyond my depth. I haven't waded out that far yet."—*Ex.*

Mr. P—, we presume, is not enthusiastic over the study of Rhetoric. This would be a legitimate inference from the following conversation: Prof. G—, "Mr. P—, you may recite." Mr. P—, "I beg pardon, Professor, but I forgot to get excused from reciting to-day."

At this, the class smiled with their feet.—*Ex.*

Professor in Mathematics to over-modest student.—"What is a point of osculation?" Student, blushing deeply—"I don't know."—*Ex.*

It was probably in the spirit of antiquity with which "our Centennial Year" inspired every one, that a Freshman inquired if any pictures of her great-grandmother were *extinct.*—*Vassar Mis.*

Junior, answering with hesitancy, "These substances occur in the *crystalline* and also in the *amorous* form." (The student in the rear who prompted on this occasion claims that he said *amorphous.*)—*Ex.*

A new translation by a Sophomore, who is very much in love with Mary: "Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans Mare currunt." "It is heaven, and they do not change their minds, those who run across Mary."—*Ex.*

Prof. to student—"I see you made a good recitation to-day, some one must have prompted you." Student, who is versed in politics,—"That makes no difference, you can't go behind the returns, you know."—*Ex.*

Scene in the Library:

Librarian. "You know, Mr. F—, the rules of the library. You have two books on your name already. You cannot take this one."

Prof. G. "If *my* name is not full I will take that book. Here, Mr. F—, you can read it first."

Librarian. (Vehemently.) "That's a pretty way to beat the devil round a stump."—*Campus.*

Good exercises for the Freshmen:

Absterge mentum.

Detrahe tuam tunicam.

I ad occidentem, O Juvenis!

Conduce atrium et omnia nobis de re expone. Donate nobis requiem.

Expande aures et vola ad occidentem. Non est necessitas ut Hibernii se applicarent.—*Ex.*

STUDENT MAXIMS.

1. "Prompt, that ye be not prompted."
2. "Have cheek, lest ye flunk."
3. "Laugh at professorial jokes, lest ye come to grief."
4. "Pony, lest cousins and aunts must plead for thee in June."
5. "Have two faces, lest thy name will oft adorn the section-book."
6. "Sing not in the halls, lest ye be hauled up."
7. "Write equations upon thy cuffs, for 'tis hard times now, and paper is dear."
8. "Do anything for a mark, for a mark is a gem beyond price."
9. "Keep in the path of rectitude, unless thou canst gain an honor by other ways."
10. "Buy not the paper of thy college when thou canst peruse it at the public library, for otherwise it might succeed, and not die, as is the rule of college enterprises."—*Echo.*

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